

SACRIFICE

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ing world weeping at her door,
—the
noblest hearts wrecking
themselves at
her stony feet. Give me back
my
Jaising. Oh, it is all in vain.
Our
bitterest cries wander in
emptiness,—
the emptiness that we vainly
try to
fill with these stony images of
delusion.
Away with them! Away with
these
our impotent dreams, that
harden into
stones, burdening our world I

*[He throws away the
image, and
comes out into the
courtyard.*

(Enters GUNAVATI.)

Gunavati

Victory to thee, great
Goddess)—
But, where is the Goddess ?

Raghupati

Goddess there is none.

Gunavati

Bring her back,
father. I have
brought her my
offerings, I have